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BIG SANDY NEWS.

The Big Sandy News Will Bring your advertising into more homes for the same money than any other paper in Eastern Kentucky.

Aut inveniam viam, laet faciam.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, OCTOBER 25, 1918.

M. F. CONLEY, Publisher

Volume XXXIV. Number 8.

LAWRENCE OVER THE TOP WITH SOME TO SPARE

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN CLOSED SUCCESSFULLY SATURDAY NIGHT.

Lawrence county went over the top Saturday night in the Fourth Liberty Loan. We are not able just yet to announce the exact amount, because the sales made to railroad employees in this county by the C. & O. could not be ascertained. \$4,000 is estimated to be about the amount, and if this is correct the total sales for Lawrence amount to \$134,350.00. This is \$250.00 above the quota.

The two banks in Louisville agreed Saturday evening to make up any deficit that might exist, so as to put the county over. The people bought the greater part of the shortage we announced last Friday. Mr. J. M. Mounts and wife raised their subscription to \$6,000. Mr. A. Collinsworth did the same. J. W. Akers and John L. Billups each bought \$1,000 worth. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Swettman, of Wilbur bought \$100. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Campbell increased theirs to \$1,000.

Next week we shall begin to publish names of other purchasers of bonds, not having the time to spare to do so this week.

Lawrence county has a right to be proud of her record. She has not yet fallen down on the government's sale of bonds. In proportion to her means and income there is no county in the State that has responded more patriotically. There are some slackers, of course, and their names are passing from mouth to mouth to a much greater extent than they have any idea. When it is too late they will realize that they are branded, hopelessly and indelibly. This war for the world's freedom will be won without them and they will have to fight their own selfish battle under greater handicaps than ever before.

The people in the Blaine neighborhood made a fine record this time, Adeline, Buchanan, Fairlawn and Etchison, did well also.

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M. W. Williams, County Tax Commissioner, has purchased from F. H. Yates a house and lot on Locust avenue, now occupied by Mrs. Hunt and family.

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Jas. B. Hughes returned Monday to Lexington where he attends school.

TED BILLUPS DIES IN CHICAGO

This community was shocked and deeply grieved when a telegram came from Chicago announcing the death of Edwin York Billups, son of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor V. L. Billups, of Louisa. No particulars were given but it is thought he died of influenza.

The first news of his illness was received Sunday morning through his employer, a coal man at Logan, W. Va. He had sent Ted to Chicago to get men to work in the mines. It is thought he became suddenly and violently sick and unable to communicate with his folks. His parents left on the first train for Chicago and arrived Monday. A telegram from them said he was critically ill and the next day he was the sad news of his death.

The parents are expected to arrive with the body Thursday evening and the burial will take place Friday.

"Ted" as he was familiarly known, was 21 years old, a vigorous, energetic young man. He was intelligent, well educated, honest and the future looked bright for him. He was a trusted employee of the Logan Light & Power Company, who sent him frequently to Chicago and elsewhere on important missions. He was the only son of his parents, and has one sister, Miss Jerry.

In the home Ted was idolized. He was given excellent schooling and made the best use of it, ranking high in all his classes.

His habits were clean and he was trustworthy in every way. The sincerest sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family.

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THE BLUE TRIANGLE ON BABEL'S TOWER

Lucia pulled her shawl farther across her face and shrank down on the station platform bench as the solid blue figure suddenly bent down over her. Excitedly she shook her head in answer to the question that she could not understand. She searched through her red plaid waist for the paper that Tony had folded into a little square and given to her. The writing on it, in the English that Tony knew and she did not, told the house where she lived. Tony had explained it all to her that morning. He had told it to her again at the station. Then, waving his hat he had disappeared into the train with the rest of the men, and Lucia had been left standing outside the gate. There were crowds of women pushing all about her. They were weeping. So Lucia wept, too.

Lucia had been betrothed to Tony in the old country. Five years before, with a long ticket for New York pinned into his inside pocket, her lover had left her. He had written in every letter that he had made her a home in the new country. Her dowry money had finally provided her own transportation, and for two months Tony had been married. Then he had drawn a ticket with a number on it, and this morning he had gone off to war.

The policeman Lucia told all these things in rapid Italian. But the policeman only talked back to her so rapidly in a language that was not Italian. She followed him dumbly to headquarters. An hour later woman wearing American clothes gently began talking to her in beautiful Italian.

Italian Lucia was only one of thousands of foreign-born women, Syrians, Italians, Armenians, Russians, Lithuanians, Polish, who, when the draft called their men folk to the American colors, asked in helpless confusion what it was all about. When would their men be back? What did people mean when they told them they would receive money through the mail? Where could they find work that they knew how to do? Was there no one who could explain it all to them in their own language?

The Y. W. C. A. was ready to offer assistance, but it would be of no value to offer it in English. Consequently it had to supply a corps of women who could talk to the foreign-born woman at her own door in the language that she was used to hearing in the home land. To teach her English was an essential factor in her Americanization as to find her a job. Therefore the war council of the Y. W. C. A. set out to find her English.

A year before the war began in Europe, the leaders of the Young Woman's Christian Association foresaw just such a situation, and made ready to meet it. They studied the needs of the immigrant. They trained skilled American social workers to become familiar with the home habits and to speak the language of the Lett and the Hungarian and the Greek and the other foreign mothers who brought babies and bundles over from Ellis Island to Battery Park.

The organization into which this experiment has developed was named by the Y. W. C. A. national board, "The International Institute for Young Women." In terms which these women can understand, it is teaching the foreign-born how to sew and cook and care for the baby.

To girls like Italian Lucia, who confusedly lingered on the station platforms when the draft trains pulled out, the Y. W. C. A. is giving direct assistance. Educated European women, appointed to the regular staff of workers at the camp Y. W. C. A. Hostess Homes are able to talk to the drafted men in their own language, assist them in writing letters home, and in arranging furloughs and little visits to the camp.

The Home Information Service for Foreign Families of Enlisted Men is doing practical relief work for the wives and mothers. The purpose of the board is to help the women folk left behind to understand where their boys are and how they are being treated; how they need home support and cheer, how to send them comforts, and to keep pace themselves by learning English and other things, so that when the boys come home they will not find their women still very un-American and out of sympathy with them.

Food conservation bulletins have been translated into 18 or 19 languages. At the factories and munition plants interpreters are available for the non-English speaking women by whom the real war industries of the country are being largely carried on. In 25 important cities International Institute Bureaus are training American and foreign women for full time social service work with foreigners. Twenty-four trained women are employed on the national and district field staff of the Y. W. C. A. On June 15 there were 105 trained women working at Americanization.

When more than 75,000 Chicago men filled out their blue cards for the September 12 draft, Gang Luo Wong appeared at one precinct bringing with him Mrs. Gang Wong and the three children. All five wished to register. The enrolling clerk explained, but the Gang Luo Wongs make many broken Chinese remonstrances before the minister of the family was induced to sign a card without his wife, Mrs. Wong could not speak English. What would his family do in a strange country if Gang Luo went to war? All over the United States Chinese and Poles and Serbs were asking the same question. It is to just such needs that the War Council of the Y. M. C. A. is organized to give assistance.

A WALLED CITY OF WOMEN

A little snaky village has grown up inside a high wall in France within the last year. Its square flat houses stand in single even rows and along one side of the city wall is a long dormitory for single women. There are many more of them than of the families in the drab little houses. The village is full of women—old, young, middle-aged—whose faces, hands and hair slowly are turning yellow from the powder which it is said will eventually affect their lungs. But most of them are refugees and the fact that they are giving up their good looks for health, and perhaps their lives in the munition factory, is of little moment to them. They have come into the walled town from ruined villages and devastated farms with their frightened little children, their despairing old people, carrying all their earthly possessions in tiny bundles. In their individual lives there is no future; in all their world there is no interest but the conquest of the Hun.

No one comes into this little war community that centers around the big new munitions plant but those who work. Because of the danger and the blighting yellow powder, the work is highly paid and all the workers are volunteers.

The women wear overalls or apron dresses, some of black satin, some nondescript. The dull gauze harmonizes with the yellowing faces and despairing eyes.

Into this modern walled city of despair the Blue Triangle has dashed the first message of hope. The Y. W. C. A. never is the only recreational center within reach. The cars which dashes at the end of the line a mile away, stop running at seven o'clock to save fuel. The city is three miles from the factory.

"My problem," writes the Y. W. C. A. secretary in charge, "is to keep the women occupied in the evenings, to give them good healthy amusement so that they will forget their sorrows and go to bed and sleep, physically tired one from playing."

She goes on to tell of some of the women and girls who come to the foyer:

"There is a pretty little round, rosy-cheeked girl here who is just beginning to show the effects of the powder. The roots of her hair and her forehead are a pale yellow. The palms of her hands are a deep burnt orange and her hands and arms a bright yellow.

"There is an ex-professional dancer, an interesting girl who enjoys the foyer and helps entertain the other girls. There is a professional pianist who does her bit at the noon and evening hours. There is one rough-and-ready girl who speaks English, whose father was an innkeeper in northern France. There is a pretty little girl who is engaged to a French soldier who still is reeling over the five minutes she had with him recently during an air raid. His mother is the caretaker here and he is one of six sons in the war. Two of them are German military prisoners, two are civil prisoners in Germany and two are soldiers in the trenches. Her home in the north of France was destroyed and she escaped with a small bundle of such things as she could carry in her hands.

"There is a sweet-faced girl who was a lace-maker in Valenciennes, who came direct to us from the German-held section after a hard experience in getting away."

These are the women the Blue Triangle is helping to forget—perhaps only for an hour at a time—the horrors that have blackened their hearths and darkened the world.

"My foyer," the secretary writes, "consists of a hall and two large rooms with ceiling floors. One has a writing table and paper, pens and ink, sewing machines, a cupboard with teacups in it, a large table with papers and magazines, easy chairs and my desk. The other room has a piano, more tables, chairs, ironing boards and a Victrola. There are unfurled French pictures and American and French war posters around the room. The walls are painted gray and white."

Saturday evenings they sing and dance. "First they have a chorus," writes the secretary, "such as 'Le Reve Pas' or the 'Hymne des Aviateurs' or something equally thrilling, and at the final notes of triumph a voice at my ears begs, 'Un polka, mes?' The polka finished, there is a call for the 'Hymne Amerique' and we sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' (Le Drapent Etoile) in two languages."

These groups have been established in several munition centers in France. Each has a cafeteria, a recreation hall and rooms fitted up as rest rooms, writing and sewing rooms. At night these rooms are filled with French girls learning English, bookkeeping or stenography, that they may work in the offices of the American Expeditionary Forces. In connection with each is a large recreation hall or park.

At the request of the French ministry of war the Young Women's Christian Association has opened clubs for the sixteen thousand French women employed in the offices of the war department.

So successful has been the foyer work in France that a call has come from England to the American Y. W. C. A. to bring its Blue Triangle huts and foyers across the channel. The English Y. W. C. A. has established centers for munition workers on a smaller scale, but after inspection of the American work in France the four English representatives to the Allies' Women's Congress in Paris in August officially requested that the American Y. W. C. A. undertake similar work in England.

THE BLUE TRIANGLE AT RUSSIA'S FRONT

The Blue Triangle clubrooms in Petrograd were in half shadow. A few scattered candles flung gleams as persistent as vague as Russia's hope of liberty. A hundred Russian girls and six young men were guests of the first Young Women's Christian Association in all Russia. It was a gray afternoon tea but it was dark because the winter days end at three o'clock and there is a restriction on the use of candles and kerosene as well as of electricity.

The girls were making merry even in the gloom of winter, the twilight and the tragedy of war. One slender white-faced girl with purple-shadowed eyes was merrier than all the rest. Her wit and ringing laugh were contagious.

"Sonya is wonderful tonight," one girl whispered to another as she stirred gently into her tea the one lump of sugar doled out carefully for the party. The Y. W. C. A. secretaries had been saving the sugar for months—putting aside at each meal one of the two lumps served with the coffee in the restaurant, that there might be a bit of sweet for this first party. There was no bread.

"Sonya is not drinking her tea," her pale little admirer went on, "yet she finished this morning at the factory and the forewoman said she was hungry."

"We're all hungry," was the motionless reply. "It wasn't that."

Something stopped the laughter and talk suddenly but the bush that fell in the dimly lit room was as joyous as the gaity. One of Russia's greatest singers stood by the piano and lifted up her glorious voice filled with the tears and heartbreak that people at peace feel thrill.

They went away early when the music was done—these sad-eyed, half-starved little guests of the Blue Triangle—for danger lurks in the dark of Petrograd streets, robberies and murders—sharp little by-products of a nation's chaos and a world at war.

Sonya lingered after the others were gone. She was standing close by the secretary-hostess' chair when she turned from saying good-night to the last one of the other girls. The laughter had died out of the girl's eyes and the gaity from her voice.

"Will you give me a note to the factory superintendent?" she asked, "telling him I'm attending classes here at night?" She spoke in French, for she knew no English, and the secretary, no Russian.

"Yes, if it will help you." The secretary was glad to give her such a note but she was curious. "Tell me why?"

"If he knows the girls are going to night classes he won't put us on the night shift. He will let us work days so we can come. Yesterday I asked for the night shift. Today I have changed my mind."

The secretary wondered. Sonya had not been in any of the classes. Had the bright little party given her an interest in the work of the association? And the friendliness of the American secretaries reached her? Was it the music that had given her an impulse to study toward something beyond a factory?

"What is it that interests you?" the secretary asked her. "You are not in any of the classes now, are you? What is it you want to take up?"

"This morning I looked out the factory window," and Sonya's voice reached the secretary of the hall on the night shift before a storm. "Down in the courtyard was a crowd and three men were killed. Killed by the police—the Bolshevik police, while I stood there and watched. They said they were anarchists. One was my brother. Another was my sweetheart. I came here tonight to forget. But I cannot forget. Always I will remember. I want nothing now but to carry on their work, and to do that I must study and learn—I must learn English and many other things. I want to go in all the classes. If the foreman at the factory knows I do that, he will help. He will let me work days."

In the dark, the hunger, the cold, and the terror of Petrograd, the Blue Triangle is sending out its shining invitation to the bewildered women and young girls of Russia. It is offering a little oasis in the midst of the chaos where they may come and rest and relax, play games, listen to music, study English, French, stenography, bookkeeping, or music, and no one tired girl expressed it, forgot for the moment that they are in Petrograd. Most of the girls who gather at the sign of the Blue Triangle are bookkeepers and stenographers, but scattered among them are factory girls, domestics, and girls who never have worked.

"In Petrograd and elsewhere in Russia," says Miss Clarissa Spencer, world secretary of the Y. W. C. A., who started the work in Russia, "girls formerly employed in government offices come to us who have struck against the Bolsheviks. They're out of jobs. They're hungry. One girl told me she couldn't take gymnasium work. But they refuse to return to work for the Bolsheviks."

Miss Helen Ogden, one of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries who was forced to leave Petrograd on account of the German advance, writes home that: "It's like living on the screen of a melodrama to be in Russia. Bullets and shooting are almost as familiar street sounds here as is the clang of the street car and the honk of the automobile at home. Here we learn to live and work under frequent shooting and street battles and to flee only when we are told by the authorities that we must."

THE RIVALS

By AGNES G. E. ROGAN.
Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.

HEAD AND NOSTRILS STUFFED FROM COLD

"Pape's Cold Compound" ends a cold or gripe in a few hours.

Your cold will break and all gripes end after taking a dose of Pape's Cold Compound every two hours until three doses are taken. It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages. In the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, sneezing, and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blowing and sniffing! Ease your throbbing head—notching else in the world gives such prompt relief at "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice and is a substitute.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The Martin County Chapter of A. C. C. suffered the loss of its first member in the death of Ewart Williamson.

Ewart's death was due to an accident that occurred at Springville, W. Va., where he was employed.

He was a bright, generous, lovable young man and would have reached his majority had he lived until May 3, 1919.

Ewart was the eldest son of Mr.

and Mrs. J. A. Williamson, of Stedham, Ky., and is mourned by his parents, brothers, sisters and many friends.

We, the officers and members of the Red Cross of Martin County Chapter do hereby extend to the bereaved family our loving and heartfelt sympathy, and we do command them to the great heart of our Heavenly Father who loves and cares for all.

A WOMAN'S BACK

The Advice of This Louisa Woman is of Certain Value.

Many a woman's back has many aches and pains. Often times 'tis the kidney's fault. That's why Doctor's Kidney Pills are so effective.

Many Louisa women know this.

Read what one has to say about it:

Mrs. Nellie Boggs, Lock Ave., says: "A few years ago I was suffering with kidney weakness and my back was weak and lame. I had a dull, constant ache through the small of my back and was dizzy. I find nervous spells, too, and was generally weak. A few boxes of Doctor's Kidney Pills, however, were enough to cure the complaint and they helped me in every way."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doctor's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Boggs had. Foster-Millburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Eat without Fear of Indigestion!

Instant Relief for Bad Stomachs

When your meals hit back.

When what you eat turns sour, forming acids, gases and indigestion.

Magic relief! No waiting!

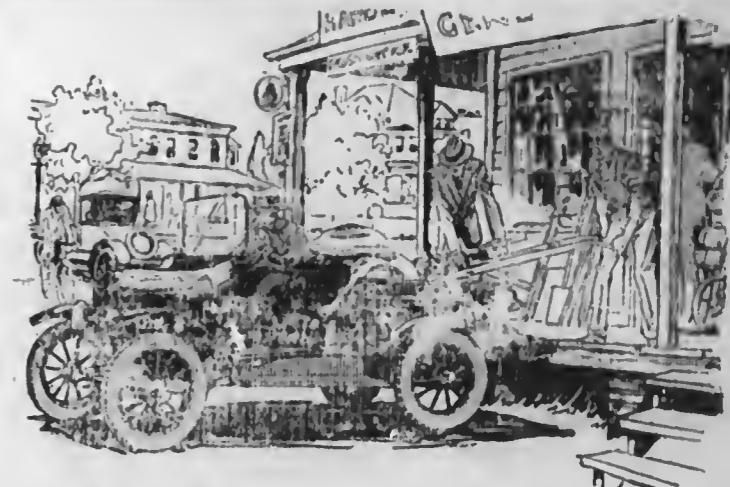
The moment Pape's Diaepsin reaches the stomach all the sourness, acidity, heartburn, dyspepsia and indigestion ends.

Upset stomachs feel fine.

Costs so little—Any drug store.

UPSET? Pape's Diaepsin

WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET



"We'll take it Home in the Car"

The average motor car is paying its way now more than ever before.

It is helping to make up man-power shortage by saving time,

—by taking part of the burden of store deliveries,

—by relieving freight and passenger congestion.

Make your car as useful as possible.

Make it as economical as possible.

Equip it with United States Tires for greater usefulness—more continuous service—utmost mileage at minimum cost.

There is a United States Tire scientifically designed for every type of car.

You will find the right tire for your car at the nearest United States Sales and Service Depot.

**United States Tires
are Good Tires**



GUNNER DEPEW

Albert N. Depew

EX-GUNNER AND CHIEF PETTY OFFICER U.S. NAVY
MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OF FRANCE
CAPTAIN GUN TURRET, FRENCH BATTLESHIP CASSARD
WINNER OF THE CROIX DE GUERRE

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truth. He had been in America before the war, and he said he had seen one of the officers that the story is about many times in New York.

He said there were two Limey officers going along the road arguing about the German shells which the Turks were using. One of the officers said they were no good because they did not burst. Just about that time a shell came along and they picked themselves up quite a distance from where they had been standing. Another shell whizzed by and landed flat on the side of the road. The officer walked over, dug it out of the ground, and took away the detonator and fuse—to prove that they did not explode!

The only thing that would make me believe that story is that I'll tell you. Pierre said they were Limey officers. No one but a Limey would remember such an argument after being knocked galley west by a shell explosion. I do not doubt that a Limey would do it if it could be done, though.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Croix de Guerre.

When we had been on the shore for about three weeks we found ourselves one morning somewhere near Sudd-el-Bahr under the heaviest fire I ever experienced. Our guns and the Turks' were at full blast, and the noise was worse than desecrating.

A section of my company was lying out in a shell hole near the communication trench with nothing to do but wait for a shell to find them. We were stiff and thirsty and uncomfortable, and had not slept for two nights. In that time we had been under constant fire and had stood off several raiding sorties and small attacks from enemy trenches.

We had no sooner got used to the shell hole and were thinking ourselves as comfortable as possible in it when along came a shell of what must have been the Jack Johnson size, and we were swamped. We had to dig three of the men out, and though one of them was badly wounded we could not send him back to the hospital. In fact, the shelling was so heavy that none of us ever expected to come out of it alive.

So it was like keeping your own death watch, with the shells tuning up for the dirge. It was impossible to listen to the shells. If you kept your mind on the noise for any length of time it would split your drummums, I am sure. So all we could do was to lay low in the shell hole and wait for something to happen.

Then they began using shrapnel on us, and one of our machine gunners, who got up from his knees to change

his head taken clean off his shoulders.

You should see what they did to us at St. Eloi," he said. "They just baptized us with the big fellows. They did not know when to stop. When you see shelling that is shelling, you will know it, my son."

"Well, if this is not shelling, what the devil is it? Are they trying to kid us or are you, mon vieux?" which is a French expression that means something like "old timer."

"My son, when you see dugouts caved in, roads pushed all over the map, guns wrecked, bodies twisted up in knots and forty men killed by one shell—then you will know you are seeing shelling."

Then one of our men sat up straight against the parapet and stared at us and began to shun all over, but we could not get him to say anything or move. So we knew he had shell shock. And another man watched him for a while, and then he began to shake, too. The sergeant said that if we stayed there much longer we would not be fit to repel an attack, so he ordered us into the two dugouts we had made in the hole, and only himself and another man stayed outside on watch.

The men in the dugout kept asking each other when the bombardment would end, and why we were not reinforced, and what was happening, and whether the Turks would attack us. It was easy to see why we were not reinforced—no body of men could have got to us from the reserve trenches. The communication trenches were quite a distance from us and were battered up at that. Some of the men said we had been forgotten and that the rest of our troops had either retired or advanced and that we and the men in the trench who had tried to signal us were the only detachments left there.

Pretty soon another man and I relieved the two men who were outside on watch, and as he went down into the dugout the sergeant shouted

to us that he thought the Turks were afraid to attack. He also ordered one of us to keep a live eye toward our rear in case any of our troops should try to signal us. When I looked through a little gully at the top of the hole, toward the other trench, all



All I Could See Was Barbed Wire and Smoke.

I could see was barbed wire and smoke and two or three corpses. I began to shiver a little, and I was afraid I would get shell shock, too. So I began to think about Murray and how he looked when they took him off the wall. But that did not stop the shivering, so I thought about my grandmother and how she looked the last time I saw her. I was thinking about her, I guess, and not keeping a very good lookout, when a man rolled over the edge and almost fell on me. He was from the other trenches. I carried him into the dugout and then went out again and stood my watch until the relief came. We were doing half-hour shifts.

I shouted at us that the men in the other trench were trying to signal something, but he could not make it out because the clouds of smoke would roll between them and break up the smoke. So he laid down again in the bottom of the hole. But after a while he looked over the parapet and saw a man just leaving their trench, evidently with a message for us, and he had not gone five steps before he was blown to pieces, and the last who followed him got hit, too, so they stopped trying then.

And all the time the "75s" were sending theirs to the Turks not far over our heads to 900 yards behind us, and the howitzers were dropping their 240-pound bits of iron in every vacant space and some that were not vacant. It was just one big roar and scream and growl all at once, like turning the whole dog pound loose on a piece of meat.

The concussions felt like one long string of boxes on the ear, and our throats were so dry that it hurt to swallow, which always makes your ears feel better after a strong concussion. One after another of our boys was slipping to the ground and digging his fists into his ears, and the rest of them sat on the parapet fire step with their heads between their knees and their arms wrapped around their heads,

Our sergeant came to me after a while and began acting just like people do at a show, only he shouted instead of whispered in my ear. When people are looking at one show they always want to tell you how good some other show is, and that was the way with the sergeant.

"You should see what they did to us at St. Eloi," he said. "They just baptized us with the big fellows. They did not know when to stop. When you see shelling that is shelling, you will know it, my son."

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Pretty soon another man and I relieved the two men who were outside on watch, and as he went down into the dugout the sergeant shouted

another man well with me and boosted me over the hunk wall of the hole. I lay flat on the ground for a minute to get my bearings, and then started off.

I set my course for where I thought the communication trenches were, to the right, and I just stood up and ran, for I figured that as the shells were falling so thick and it was open ground I would not have any better chance if I crawled.

I tripped several times and went down, and each time I thought I was hit, because when I got it in the thigh at Dixmude it felt a good deal as though I had tripped over a rope. And one time when I fell a shell exploded near me and I began to shiver again, and I could not go on for a long time. All this time I did not think I would get through, but finally, when I reached what had been the communication trench I felt I had done the worst part of it, and I began to wish very hard that I would get through—I was not at all crazy about going west.

The mouth of the communication trench had been battered in and the trenches it joined with were all filled up. There were rifles sticking out of them in several places, and I thought probably the men had been buried alive in them. But it was too late then, if they had been caught, so I climbed over the blocked entrance to the communication trench and started back along it. I led up through a sort of gully, and I thought it was a bad place to dig a communication trench in, because it gave the Turks something like the side of a hill to shoot at.

Every once in a while I would have to climb in and out of shell hole, and parts of them were blocked where a shell had caved in the walls. In one place I saw corpses : torn to pieces, so I knew the Turk had found the range and had got to this trench in great shape. At another place I found lots of blood and equipment but no bodies, and I figured that reinforcements had been caught at this spot and that they had retired, taking the casualties with them.

The Turks still had the range, and they were sending a shell into the trench every once in a while, and I was knocked down again, though the shell was so far away that it knocked me down with force of habit more than anything else. I felt dizzy and shivered a lot, and kept trying to think of Murray or anything else but myself.

So finally I got to the top of the little hill over which the gully ran, and on the other side I felt almost safe. Just down from the crest of the hill was one of our artillery positions, with the good old "75s" giving it to the Turks as fast as they could. I told the artillery officers what had happened, had a drink of water and thought I would take a nap. But when they telephoned the message back to division headquarters the man at the receiver said something to the officer and he told me to stay there and be ready. I thought sure he would send me back to where I came from and I knew I never could make it again, but I did not say anything.

When I looked around I saw that our real position was to the right of where the artillery was, and that there were three lines of trenches with French infantry in them. So the trenches I had come from were more like outposts than anything else, and were cut off. I felt pretty sure, then, that the boys in them would never come back alive, because as soon as their fire let up the Turks would advance, and to keep them back our guns would have to wipe out our men, and if they did not, the Turks would.

At first I was glad I had come out, but then I remembered what the artillery officer had said and I figured I would have to go back and stay with them or bring them back. Either way there was not one chance in a hundred that any of us would make it. Because when I got through it was really just a miracle and nobody would have thought it could happen.

Then the officer told me to go back to the beach, where our naval guns were, and that I was detailed to them. Maybe you do not think I was glad? But there was rough work still ahead of me, because when I got behind the third line I saw a wide open field that was light gray from the shell smoke hanging over it, and I could see the flashes where the big ones were doing their work, and I had to go through that field.

I fell time and again, sometimes when I thought a shell was near, and sometimes when I had no reason for it—only I was thirsty again, and was so weak I could not have choked a goldfish. I do not remember hardly anything about going through that field, and you might say the next thing I knew was when I was overtaken by a dispatch runner, and got in a tin tub at the side of a motorcycle and was taken to the guns.

I felt ready for a Rip Van Winkle nap then, but the officer in command would not let me. He said they were short of gunners—the terrible shelling had killed off dozens of them—and as he knew I could point a gun he had ordered them over the telephone to get me to the beach as fast as possible. He spotted the two warehouses I have spoken of for me and said it was up to us to put them out of commission. The gun was a 14-inch naval, and that looked good to me, so I hiked up a lot. The warehouses were about 10' or 11 miles away, I should judge, and about 30 or 40 yards apart.

I felt very weak, as I have said, and shivered every once in a while, so I did not think I could do much gunning worth while. But they loaded the old 14-inch and made ready, and we got the range and all was set. The officer told me to let her ride. So I said to myself, "This is one for

you, Murray, old boy. Let's go from here."

So I went that one along and she landed and the warehouse went

up on tobacco and other things they needed.

My twelfth trip to the Dardanelles was different from the others. The Cassard was doing patrol work at the time in the neighborhood of Cape Helles. Those of us who had served on the Peninsula before were thanking our stars for the snap we were having—just cruising around waiting for something to happen.

We had not been there very long before something unexpected did happen, for we ran into two enemy cruisers—which I afterwards heard were the Werft and Kaiserliche Marine—one on the starboard bow and one on the port. How they had managed to sneak up so near us I do not know. They opened up on us at not much more than a thousand yards and gave us a hot time from the start, though with any kind of gunnery they should have done for us thoroughly.

We came right back at them and were getting in pretty good shots. I was in the 14-inch gun turret, starboard bow—my old hangout—and we were letting them have it about four shots every five minutes and scoring heavily.

I do not know how long we had been fighting when part of our range finder was carried away. It was so hot, though, and we were so hard at it that such little thing like that did not bother us. It is hot in any gun turret, but I have always noticed that it is hotter there in the Dardanelles than in any other place. The sweat would simply cake on us, until our faces were just covered with a film of powdery stuff.

But the range finder was carried away, and although it locked had for us I was feeling so good that I volunteered to go on deck and get another one. I got outside the turret door and across the deck, got the necessary parts and was coming back with them when I received two machine-gun bullets in the right thigh. One went clear through bone and all and drilled a hole on the other side, while the other came within an inch of going through. The peculiar thing is that these two were in a line above the wound I got at Dixmude. The line is almost as straight as you could draw it with a ruler.

Of course it knocked me down and I hit my head a pretty hard crack on



I Was Able to Crawl on to the Turret Door.

the steel deck, but I was able to crawl on to the turret door. Just as I was about to enter the gun was fired. That particular charge happened to be defective. The shell split and caused a back fire and the cordite, fire and gas came through the breech, which the explosion had opened.

It must have been a piece of cordite which did it, but whatever it was, it hit me in the right eye and blinded it. The ball of the eye was saved by the French surgeons and looks normal, but it pains me greatly sometimes and they tell me it will always be sensitive.

I was unconscious immediately from the blow and from the quantity of gas which I must have swallowed. This gas did me a great deal of damage and gives me dizzy spells often to this day. I do not know what happened during the rest of the engagement, as I did not regain consciousness until three days later at sea. But I heard in the hospital that the French super-dreadnaught Jeanne d'Arc and the light cruiser Normandy were in it as well as ourselves, though not at the time I was wounded, and that we had all been pretty well battered. The Cassard lost 93 men in the engagement and 48 wounded. Some of our turrets were twisted into all manner of shapes and part of our bow was carried away. One of our lieutenants was killed in the engagement.

I was told that both the Werft and the Kaiserliche Marine were sunk in this engagement. I have seen pictures of sailors from the Werft who were prisoners at internment camps.

When we arrived at Brest the wounded were taken from the ship in stretchers and after we had been rested for about fifteen minutes on the dock put into ambulances and rushed to the hospital. On the way those who could leaned out of the ambulance and had a great time with the people along the streets, many of whom they knew, for the Cassard was a Brest ship. And of course the women and children yelled, "Vive la France!" and were glad to see the men again, even though they were hardly com-

mon. Some of our men were bandaged all over the face and head and it was

"Continued next week."

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Entered at the Postoffice at Louisa,
Ky., as second-class matter.

Published every Friday by
M. F. CONLEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
\$1.00 per year.
\$1.00 for Eight Months.
50 cents for Three Months.
Cash in Advance.

Friday, October 25, 1918.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.
United States Senator
A. O. STANLEY
For Congress
W. J. FIELDS
of Carter County

Be sure you send to the United States Senate only men of ability and those who will support the President in the world crisis.

Congressman W. J. Fields deserves the vote of every man in the district. He is kept at Washington busy with the war work of Congress and has no time to give to this campaign. Don't fail to go to the polls and vote for him.

The election will take place Tuesday, November 6th, which is one week from next Tuesday. All who are loyal should go to the polls and vote for men who can be depended upon to support the President. It was work the most important part of this great task is yet ahead of us.

Mr. Ben Bruner, was defeated the mountain man, Judge Botham, for the Republican nomination for United States Senator. Is making a campaign of abuse against Gov. Stanley, rather than on his own merits. He is not of Senatorial size, but is merely a politician hoping to ride into a high place by accident. Stanley will support the President in the great world issues yet to be decided. Mr. Bruner can not be depended upon to do this.

Lewis Nunley Writes
From French Hospital

The following interesting letter was written while Mr. Nunley was in the hospital after being wounded the first time. His parents have since received a message stating that he was never wounded October 8.

Dear Sirs:
I haven't written for so long will try to write in few lines. Am in a base hospital with a few punctures in my skin. Fritz tried hard to get me this time, but he didn't make a success of it. I got hit twice in the left leg and in the left shoulder and back. They were only flesh wounds though, and don't amount to much. About all they amount to will be to keep me here two or three weeks. I got wounded on the afternoon of the 8th up along the Vesle. We started to make a half mile advance against Fritz and got about a quarter of it when one of his shrapnel landed on top of us and put me out of business.

Frank is O. K. He has not had a scratch so far. They have gone back for a month's rest. They were relieved the same night I got shot.

How are they all at home? I have not heard from any one for some time. I suppose mother will worry a lot when she hears about me. Am going to write her today. There is no use for any of you worrying for I suppose I will be back with the company by the time this letter reaches you. Am glad I was able to do my part in this drive. Have been from the Marne all the way back to the Vesle.

G. Co. won the Croix De Guerre for the 38th and also the highest medal of the U. S. Army. This happened on the 15th when they made their first attack. We held our position against one battalion of Prussian Guards, one of the Crown Prince's men and one machine gun Battalion. They had us outnumbered ten to one. We captured 280 prisoners, 52 machine guns and killed and wounded between 500 and 600.

Well, think this will be enough for this time. Answer real soon.

With love to all,

LEWIS NUNLEY,
Co. G. 38th. Inf. A. E. F., Aug 13. '18

RICHARDSON.

There will be church at Lick Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Proctor Cassell, of McVeigh, Ky., are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Scott Cassell.

Mrs. Peck Childers and children came down from Auxier Saturday for a visit with relatives here.

Mr. Clyde Burgess, who is stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., and Autie C. Burgess, who is stationed at Camp Taylor, are here the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. P. Burgess.

Mr. Tom Dalton who has been at Auxier working is the guest this week of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Price.

Mr. Forrest Childers was called to Prestonsburg Sunday on account of the illness of her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Morris.

Mrs. Sam Rice spent a few days last week with friends at Auxier.

Mr. Sam Warnick, C. & O. fireman, spent a few days last week with home folks.

Mr. Hiram Warnick visited relatives in Ashland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose Childers and little daughter, Exer, of Marrowbone, are here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Price.

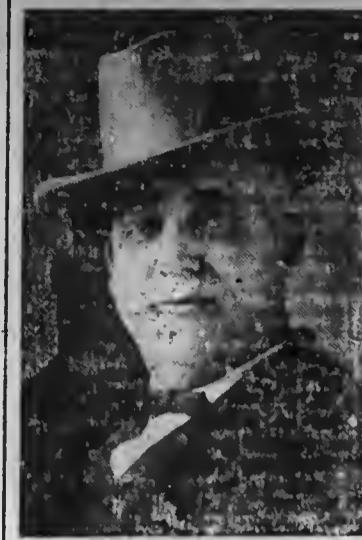
Henry Price, of Russell, is here visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Meade.

Miss Mildred Jones, of Ironton, O., is here visiting her brother, Mr. W. E. Jones.

Mr. Sam Warnick and Miss Hermina Blevins spent a pleasant afternoon on Friday with Misses Josephine and Rosa Cassell.

There are more than 20 cases of influenza in our vicinity, but no deaths so far.

Kentucky Belle,



PIGEONS AT HUBBARDSTOWN

Five pigeons appeared at Hubbards town, W. Va., October 15 and have been around there since that time coming up the river every evening and returning next morning. One was killed by the engine of a train and was found to have on left leg a band of aluminum bearing the inscription, A. J. 18 D 6489. The other was of brass and contained the figures 677.

Evidently these are carrier pigeons which have been lost. If any one can give any information as to owner, write Edward Bellomy, postmaster, Hubbardstown, W. Va.

LEDOCIO AND ADAMS.

Sorry to hear of the misfortune that fell C. Victor Back, of Griffith Creek last Thursday. His house and all its contents were destroyed by fire. Mr. Back at the time was at the point of death with influenza and Mrs. Back and babies were sick. Nothing was saved except the bed. Mr. Back was carried out on.

C. V. is a hard working man, industrious honest and upright in every way. We are sure he will find friends here and elsewhere who will lend a helping hand in this trying hour of distress.

We were sorry also to hear of the death of Fred Griffith who was killed at Sprigg, W. Va., a few days ago. He leaves a wife and two small children.

Mrs. Mary Hayes has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dora Cordle, of Columbus, Ohio.

James Fraley received word from his daughter, Nannie, who is at Ft. Gay, that she is very low with influenza.

Little Miss Viola Thompson, of Columbus, Ohio, is here the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes.

Every member of Levi Streitberger's family is down with influenza; also Millie Shultz.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hayes were at Mattoe Wednesday shopping.

W. T. and Lucretia Moore have returned from London, O.

Lots of influenza in our neighborhood. In some families every member is sick.

Sorry to hear of the death of Rev. Charley Sparks. He had many friends here who extend to Mrs. Sparks and baby their sympathy in this trying hour.

The news of the death of Mrs. Leodocia Stewart, of Kenova, came as a surprise to her many friends here.

She was a good woman and liked by all who knew her. She leaves a husband and several children, all of whom are grown.

Rev. A. L. Moore attended the funeral of Rev. Sparks at North Thursday.

Willie Borders is very low with pneumonia.

On Sunday, October 21, Ida, the wife of Dr. J. O. Moore, answered the final call and passed into eternity.

Her sickness was short, being only one week and two days. Pneumonia was the trouble. She leaves a husband and two small children besides her parents and several brothers and sisters to mourn their loss. But we trust their loss is her gain. Her age was about 32 years. We extend to Dr. Moore and children our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of their wife and mother.

A Friend.

JATTIE.

Dewey Thompson has returned to his home from West Virginia.

Mrs. Claudio Hammond was visiting friends on Caney Fork one day last week.

Euilee Thompson was shopping at this place recently.

Mr. Sheridan Thompson was again in Jattie last Saturday.

Claudie Hammond is all smiles these days.

Miss Little Hillman was calling on the Misses Chaffin last Friday.

Mr. Sheridan Thompson, Misses Claudio Hammond and Maude and Euilee Thompson motored to Louisa last Friday.

Topsy.

Buy MORE Bonds

WIELER GETS FOUR GOLD CHEVRONS

The Ironton News says: Hillard Wieler, son of Mrs. Mary Wieler, has been transferred from the 9th U. S. Infantry in France to the Quartermaster's Corps on account of the wounds he received in battle. He has been given four gold chevrons, two for being wounded twice, and two for having spent one year in foreign service.

OUR OFFICIALS

(Politics Indicated By D and R)

U. S. Senators—Ollie M. James and C. W. Beckham—D.
Congressman—W. J. Fields—D.
Governor—A. O. Stanley—D.
Lieut.-Governor—Jas. A. Black—D.
Auditor—Robt. L. Greene—D.
Atty. General—Chas. H. Morris—D.
Treasurer—Sherman Goodpaster—D.
Sec. of State—James Lewis—R.
Supt. Public Instruction—V. O. Gill—D.

State Senator—Dr. H. T. Morris—R.
Representative—B. H. Harris—R.

Circuit Judge—A. N. Cisco—R.
Commonwealth's Attorney—John M. Waugh—D.

Lawrence County
County Judge—Billie Riffe—R.

Co. Attorney—D. L. Thompson—R.

County Clerk—D. E. Adams—R.

Circuit Clerk—W. J. Roberts—R.

Sheriff—W. M. Taylor—D.

Supt. Schools—J. H. Ekers—D.

Jailer—S. M. Sturgell—R.

Assessor—Work Williams—R.

Surveyor—L. E. Wallace—D.

Coroner—N. V. Hickman—R.

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Co. Attorney—D. L. Thompson—R.

County Clerk—D. E. Adams—R.

Circuit Clerk—W. J. Roberts—R.

Sheriff—W. M. Taylor—D.

Supt. Schools—J. H. Ekers—D.

Jailer—S. M. Sturgell—R.

BIG SANDY NEWS

Friday, October 26, 1918.

Sold a foxy old merchant named Mack
"of dry goods I have quite a stack.
But I'll get the kale.
I will have a war sale,
And I'll welcome a counter attack."

—Luke McLuke

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Our Griffiths Creek correspondent
tells of the burning of Victor Bach's
home. He was critically ill of influenza
at the time and was carried out
on a bed. Nothing was saved.

NOTICE.
All persons owing the estate of A.
L. Hurton will please come forward
and settle. I have your accounts
itemized.

MRS. A. L. HURTON,
Adm.

M. V. Rose, of Satanta, Kansas, is
now suffering from an attack of influenza
contracted while caring for his son. At present, however, his
condition is somewhat improved.

Louise friends of Mrs. Fred Hale
sympathize with her in the death of
her sister, Mrs. J. H. Young, of Ashland.
She died of influenza and leaves
seven children, one of whom is little
Helen Young who often visited
Mrs. Hale at her home here.

Miss Carolyn Loar
Weds Army Captain.

The account of the wedding of Miss
Carolyn Loar will be read with interest.
She is remembered here as the attractive
little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Loar
who lived in Louisa until a few years ago when they moved
to Huntington. The Herald Dispatch says:

Although for some time the friends
of Miss Carolyn Loar and Captain
Brockenridge Jones have known of
their engagement, the marriage which
was very beautifully solemnized at the
bride's home Monday came as a delightful
surprise as plans for the event
were closely guarded. In the spacious
living room, and artistic altar
background arranged of palms and
graceful ferns formed the only decorations.
The bride entered with her
father by whom she was given in
marriage to Capt. Jones, whose
attendant was Dr. W. O. Burdett, of
Wheeling, W. Va., the impressive ring
service being read by Dr. Layton
Mauze, pastor of the First Presbyterian
church. The bride is one of the most
attractive charming young
sociey women of this city and is possessed
of a winning personality, which
has won her a wide and admiring
circle of friends. She is the only
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Loar,
of Sixth avenue, and has enjoyed several
years of college life in addition to travel.
She never appeared more
attractive than on her wedding day,
when she was attired in a fetching
model of rose taupe with a coat of
beaver and smart hat of a deeper
shade. Her corsage of yellow lilies
gave exactly the dard touch to complete
a most charming effect. Capt.
Jones, previous to obtaining his
commission was director of military
and enrollment, stationed at Charlestown.

Shortly after receiving his commission
he was ordered to Washington,
D. C., where he is now a member of
Provost Marshal General Crowder's
staff. He is the son of Mrs. Frances
Brockenridge Jones, of Louisville, Ky.,
who is descended of a well known
Kentucky family, and he is a young
man of notable attainments and
standing worth. After a brief visit with
Capt. Jones' mother, they will go to
White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., to
spend some time, later going to Washington,
where they have taken an
apartment.

CAPITAL TO INVEST.

We want to correspond with owners
of good coal or oil lands or properties
in Eastern Kentucky with the object
of a conservative investment for clients.
Write full particulars and terms of sale
or lease. We will make a personal
investigation of any property that appears
attractive. Address E. C. Sloss,
Albia, Iowa.

G. W. DAVIS IS
CLAIMED BY DEATH

George Washington Davis, fifty-
seven years of age, died at his home in
Ashland on Friday night of a compila-
tion of troubles. Mr. Davis was
an employee of the C. & O. railroad.

Z. Swetnam Writes Letter From France.

Mr. Leslie Swetnam,
Arlin, Ohio,
Dear Brother:
Your letter was received yesterday.
I certainly was glad to hear from
you all again.

We hiked all day yesterday thru
the mud and rain without dinner.

When we stopped last night I think
my pack would have weighed a ton.
But while I was feeling so blue and
tired our kitchen came rolling in then
we had chow, and pretty soon our
Sergeant came with an armful of letters
for the boys. Almost all of the
boys received a letter from home, then
all forgot about being tired.

We had a big stone building to sleep
in, the best place we have had for a long time. We threw our blankets
down on the brick floor and slept
side by side. I certainly did sleep
warm and good. It was much better
than sleeping in dugouts or in the
woods.

Well as I haven't any more time,
will close. Write often. I am always
anxious to hear from you.

As ever, your brother,
ZEPHANIAH SWETNAM,
A.E.F.

PERSONAL MENTION

R. A. Blockel, of Huntington, W. Va.,
was in Louisa Wednesday.

Ed L. Wellman came home Wednesday
from Lexington to spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Linden Brode, of
Richmond, Va., are guests this week
of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Carrad.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alley arrived
Sunday from Nitro, W. Va., and are
guests of J. B. Crutcher and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Creed Gearhart, of
Charleston, W. Va., are in Louisa to
see relatives who are ill.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Billups left on
Sunday for Chicago, having been called
there by the serious illness of their
son, Ted Billups, who had gone to
Chicago on business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Burton came
down from Ulysses Saturday and spent
a few days with Mrs. Cora Burton.

Jolly Waldeck, of Norfolk, Va., Geo.
D. Waldeck of McDonald, W. Va., and
John Waldeck of Portsmouth, Ohio,
were called here by the illness and
death of their niece, Miss Irene Ross.

TWO GREENUP
DOCTORS SICK

Dr. H. H. Morris, of Greenup, state
senator, is quite ill at his home with
Spanish influenza. Dr. Carter, another
of Greenup's physicians, is
critically ill with the same disease.
Dr. Brady is now the only physician
in Greenup able to attend to the sick
of which there are many in Greenup
and surrounding territory.

Letter From Camp Sevier, South Carolina.

My Dear People:
I am in good health at this writing
and trust this letter finds the people of
the Big Sandy all O. K.

I was disappointed about my furlough,
but circumstances are such as to
account for my very bad behavior.
War is keeping us quite busy, and
besides the Flu has us all jugged up
so tight we cannot go.

We had quite a pleasant social af-
fair to Co. I, last night. Numbers of
interesting songs and recitations were
given. We had the Redpath band,
our own piano and mandolins and a
large number of skilled comedians
who had been on the stage.

We have the best captain in the
United States Army and think the
same of our colonel. Our captain's
name is J. H. Willers, who graduated
at West Point. His favorite pastime
is leading a song for the company
when returning from a long day's hike.

The captain has a choir of 280
voices that join in the chorus of the
songs, the favorite of which is "Hail,
the Gang's All Here. What the
Deuce Do We Care Now". He looks
after us boys like a father does his
sons.

We have noncommissioned officers
school every evening and the captain
talks 20 minutes about CPI, and the remainder of the time he is
telling us about foot ball, baseball or
good eats or planning some enter-
tainment.

I do not want peace myself; it's
too soon. I want to follow my Captain
over the top. Well, there isn't
much top to go over now, but I
mean chase the Hun.

We must give Germany more of
what she's been giving the Allies. I
do not care about destroying the
lives of innocent women and children,
but in my heart is a desire to extin-
guish the male population of Germany
especially K-B and his five
sons.

SGT. JNO. M. BENTLEY,
Co. I, 45th Inf., Camp Sevier, Green-
ville, S. C.

GRIFFITH CREEK.

The entire community was greatly
shocked over the untimely death of
Fred Perry, Jr. He was severely
hurt October 6 at Sprigg, W. Va., by
a pump explosion which caused his
death three days later. He was taken
to the hospital at Welch, W. Va.,
where he was operated on and a sil-
ver tube put in his wind-pipe which
was almost torn in two. Something
hit him on the neck which caused the
wind-pipe injury. He had many
bruises besides, but none serious.

His father, A. H. Perry, went at once
and was with him till the end. His
brother, Mack, was also with him. He
was a member of the Masonic order,
the Odd Men, and I. O. O. F. Lodge at
Richardson, Ky. Revs. A. H. Miller
and Summons attended the funeral
services. He was laid to rest in the
Smyth graveyard near Chapman, Ky.
The Odd Fellows took charge of the
remains. He was a much loved boy
and had many friends. He was born
April 6, 1894. He was 24 years, 7
months and three days old. He leaves
a wife, two little girls, Ethel age
three, Golda age two, father, mother,
seven brothers and one sister and a
host of friends and relatives to mourn
their loss. He told his brother, Mack
before he died he was trusting in his
God. Weep not, dear ones, for Fred
prepares to meet him where in a bet-
ter world there'll be no sad
accidents to take our dear ones from
us.

Mrs. Sayde Langhorn left last Saturday
for Huntington to visit her sister,
Mrs. C. M. Crutcher and Mrs. J. M.
Hromley a few days before going to
her home at Manteo, Virginia. She
will return in a few weeks to spend
the winter with her parents, Rev. and
Mrs. S. F. Reynolds.

OHIO FARMS

VERY BEST LAND AND PIKES

Writs for my large list of bargains.

W. A. Eichelberger

LAND SPECIALIST

65 First National Bank Bldg.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

SELECT SEED

CORN AT ONCE

Every one remembers the trouble
they had with seed corn last year, yet
many farmers took chances and planted
from corn in their fields. Now the
prospects are not the best in the
world for good seed next year and the
coming winter may be just as severe
as the last, so you can't afford to take
any chances this time. Besides, if you
have a good strain of corn it never
pays to buy seed from someone else.
If you select and care for several
bushels of seed corn this fall, you not
only take a step to improve your seed
for next year but you will be sure to
have some less provident neighbors
that you can sell to in the spring at
a good price. Here are some rules
which will act as a guide to anyone
who is fortunate enough to save his
seed corn now:

1—Save seed this fall in the field.

2—Secure from hills with two or
more stalks.

3—Secure from stalks bearing two
or more ears.

4—Secure ears at proper height
from ground.

5—Secure shanks with medium
length and ears hanging down.

6—Select ears of good length.

7—Select ears well rounded over at
tip.

8—Select ears large around.

9—Select for small cob and large
kernels.

10—Select ears with wedge-shaped
cobs.

11—Select ears with grains in
straight rows.

12—Select ears with grains plump
and tight on the cob.

13—Select this fall for spring may
be too late.

You can readily see that it is im-
possible to follow the most of these
important rules unless you select in
the field this fall.

In the first place, an ear that has
grown in a hill of two or more stalks
and is as large or almost as large as
one that grew in a hill of one stalk is naturally
a more vigorous one and should
make better seed, other things being
equal. Again, if you take your seed
from stalks with two ears on them
even if not quite so large as where
only one grew you can in a few years
develop a strain of corn that will almost
invariably produce two ears to the stalk.

Then it is an advantage to have
ears from three and one half to five
feet from the ground not only because
it is easier to handle for cutting, top-
ping, etc., but also because your corn
will ripen more evenly and all be
ready to harvest at the same time.

Again, it is a waste to have ears
with a shank a foot long, while if
they are short and stubby holding the
ear upright it allows rain and insects
and birds to damage and injure the
ear. If the shank is moderately long
and limber, allowing the ear to hang
down of about 45 degrees, it will shed
the water, give protection from birds,
allow the dew and rain to run off, and
often will stand until winter undamaged.

Every one knows that throughout
the animal and vegetable kingdom
"like produces like" and this holds
wonderfully true in the selection of
seed corn. Also we know that severe
freezing injures seed corn if it is not
perfectly dry and even then it does not
go so well on the safe side and
store your seed in a dry place. Corn
at the crest we can get it in July or
August contains from 5 to 10 per
cent of moisture.

Yours for success,

G. C. BAKER,
County Agent.

OVERDA.

Mrs. Eliza Clever returned home
Saturday from Louisa where she was
called early in the week to the bedside
of Mrs. Mollie Evans, who has been
very ill with influenza.

Leo Clever failed to fill his appointment
at Mr. Webb's Sunday.

Our quiet little town was recently
disturbed by wedding bells.

Mrs. Amos H. Cordle and Nellis Lyons
passed through our town Saturday.

Reube Berry and Leo Cleverger motored
to Dr. Nickles Thursday evening.

L. P. Webb's folks are very sick

Miss Opal Webb was visiting Do-
veta Webb Thursday night.

Many of our farmers have sowed a
good wheat crop.

Wiley Pressley is on the sick list.

Irvin Wright is very busy digging
coal.

W. M. Holbrook of Dry Fork, was
calling at E. M. Clavenger's Sunday.

Luther and Tom Cleverger were
calling on Lewis and Jim Holbrook
Sunday.

MADGE

We all welcomed the rain which fell
Saturday night. Our wells and the
springs were getting very low.

Mrs. Ernestine Bradley spent Thursday
night with Miss Marie Bradley.

Mrs. Mattie Meek and grandson,
were business visitors in Louisa
Thursday.

Mrs. J. F. Nolen was calling on Mrs.
G. A. Haws Saturday.

Efford Clarkson, of Busseyville,
spent Sunday with D. W. Wellman.

Lee Nolen visited Allen Hutchinson
Sunday evening.

Miss Gladys Haws was shopping in
Busseyville Thursday.

Mr. V. Newson was visiting friends
here Friday.

Misses Emma and Brilla Meek, of
Busseyville, and brother, Culley, of
Washington, spent Monday with their
sister, Mrs. John Wellman.

Vint Nolen was in Louisa Saturday.

Miss Marie Bradley was calling on
Georgia Hutchinson Wednesday.

D. W. Wellman spent Monday with
Mrs. M. Nelson.

Mr. T. Adams, of Daniel Creek, was
here Monday.

Mrs. Sayde Langhorn left last Saturday
for Huntington to visit her sister,
Mrs. C. M. Crutcher and Mrs. J. M.
Hromley a few days before going to
her home at Manteo, Virginia. She
will return in a few weeks to spend
the winter with her parents, Rev. and
Mrs. S. F. Reynolds.

Mr. George Jones, of Smoky Valley,
called on Miss Jessie Clark

UNCLE SAM'S ADVICE ON FLU

U. S. Public Health Service Issues Official Health Bulletin on Influenza.

LATEST WORD ON SUBJECT.

Epidemic Probably Not Spanish In Origin—Germ Still Unknown—People Should Guard Against "Droplet Infection"—Surgeon General Blue Makes Authoritative Statement.

Washington, D. C.—(Special)—Although King Alfonso of Spain was one of the victims of the influenza epidemic in 1893 and again this summer, Spanish authorities repudiate any claim to influenza as a "Spanish" disease. If the people of this country do not take care the epidemic will be come so widespread throughout the United States that soon we shall hear the disease called "American" influenza.

In response to a request for definite information concerning Spanish influenza, Surgeon General Blue of the U. S. Public Health Service has authorized the following official interview:

What is Spanish Influenza? Is it something new? Does it come from Spain?

"The disease now occurring in this country and called 'Spanish influenza' resembles a very contagious kind of cold accompanied by fever, pain-

fulness of the eyes, and headache."

What should be done by those who catch the disease?

"It is very important that every person who becomes sick with influenza should go home at once and go to bed. This will help to keep away dangerous complications and will, at the same time, keep the patient from scattering the disease far and wide. It is highly desirable that no one be allowed to sleep in the same room with the patient. In fact, no one but the nurse should be allowed in the room.

"If there is cough and sputum or running of the eyes and nose, care should be taken that all such discharges are collected on bits of gauze or rag or paper napkins and burned. If the patient complains of fever and headache, he should be given water to drink, a cold compress to the forehead and a light sponge. Only such medicine should be given as is prescribed by the doctor. It is foolish to ask the druggist to prescribe and may be dangerous to take the so-called 'safe, sure and harmless' remedies advertised by patent medicine manufacturers.

"If the patient is so situated that he can be attended only by some one who must also look after others in the family, it is advisable that such attendant wear a wrapper, apron or gown over the ordinary house clothes while in the sick room and slip this off when leaving to look after the others.

"Nurses and attendants will do well to guard against breathing in dangerous disease germs by wearing a simple fold of gauze or mask while near the patient."

Will a person who has had influenza before catch the disease again?

"It is well known that an attack of measles or scarlet fever or smallpox usually protects a person against another attack of the same disease. This appears not to be true of 'Spanish influenza.' According to newspaper reports the King of Spain suffered an attack of influenza during the epidemic thirty years ago, and was again stricken during the recent outbreak in Spain."

How can one guard against influenza?

"In guarding against disease of all kinds, it is important that the body be kept strong and able to fight off disease germs. This can be done by having a proper proportion of work, play and rest, by keeping the body well clothed, and by eating sufficient wholesome and properly selected food. In connection with diet, it is well to remember that milk is one of the best all-around foods obtainable for adults as well as children. So far as influenza like influenza is concerned, health authorities everywhere recognize the very close relation between its spread and overcrowded homes. While it is not always possible, especially in times like the present, to avoid such overcrowding, people should consider the health danger and make every effort to reduce the home overcrowding to a minimum. The value of fresh air through open windows cannot be over emphasized.

"When crowding is unavoidable, as in street cars, care should be taken to keep the face so turned as not to inhale directly the air breathed out by another person.

"It is especially important to beware of the person who coughs or sneezes without covering his mouth and nose. It also follows that one should keep out of crowds and stuffy places as much as possible, keep homes, offices and workshops well aired, spend some time out of doors each day, walk to work if at all practicable—in short, make every possible effort to breathe as much pure air as possible.

"In appearance one is struck by the fact that the patient looks sick. His eyes and the inner side of his eyelids may be slightly 'bloodshot,' or 'congested,' as the doctors say. There may be running from the nose, or there may be some cough. These signs of a cold may not be marked; nevertheless the patient looks and feels very sick.

"In addition to the appearance and the symptoms as already described, examination of the patient's blood may aid the physician in recognizing 'Spanish influenza,' for it has been found

OVERTHROW OF KAISER SEEMS TO BE INEVITABLE

GERMANY READY TO ACCEPT PRESIDENT WILSON'S TERMS IF THEIR INTERESTS ARE GUARDED.

Unconfirmed Rumors Declare Kaiser Has Abdicated and Government Capitulated—President's Message Expected to Cause Unconditional Surrender of Autocracy.

Germans To Be Disarmed?

Washington—Officials here have pointed out these means of taking front Germany every agency with which she could break her word in case her plan for an armistice is accepted: The occupation by allied forces of such places as Strasburg, Metz and Coblenz. The turning over to the allies of her fleet and submarine bases. The recall of her troops, which indications indicated she was ready to do. The surrender of all nations of war and the agencies by which others might be produced. The employment of the great war plan of Germany in requiring the industrial damage done in Belgium and France.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Washington.—News of Germany is regarded here as the shadow of great events being cast before them. There is in Washington no official word that the Kaiser has abdicated or that he has been overthrown or that Germany is ready to accept all of President Wilson's terms. Officials and diplomats, cautious and conservative by nature and practice, regard with incredulity the intimations that one or all of these things have happened. Of course, they all hope they have. They know that one or all of them are inevitable. The official opinion in the capital is that the coming of these things is timed only by the unknown degree to which the German military power has been broken. There may be more information on that point in the chancelleries of England, France and Italy than there is in Washington.

When President Wilson's reply to the German peace offer went forth it was predicted here that if it did not bring a complete and unconditional surrender of the military autocracy the German people themselves would force one. President Wilson's words were a plain invitation to the German people to take such a step and an ultimatum that there would be no peace with Kaiserism. The coming hours will show how the leaven has worked.

Intimations in dispatches from London, Paris and Holland suggest the progress of the ferment. Most significant of all is regarded the report from Holland, by way of London, that Germany will reply immediately to President Wilson, accepting all his terms and asking only for guarantees for the interests of Germany and the German people.

If such a reply does come President Wilson's only course will be to forward it to the Allies. The guarantees for the interests of Germany and the German people do not interfere as an obstacle if guarantees are thought of in sincere terms. If they are put forth as another vehicle for a quibbles, an opportunity for diplomatic evasion and trickery, or a negotiated peace, they will meet only one reply. If they mean guarantees for the integrity and sovereignty of the Germany which is rightfully German, always taking in the determinations of the human beings concerned, no obstacle is foreseen.

If they mean guarantees for the rights of the German people to live their lives under a peaceful, responsible government which does not menace the life of the world, President Wilson's utterances on the subject, officials think, already have given the answer. If Germany accepts all his terms and accepts the condition of such guarantees it is considered that hardly less could be expected of her.

Hurts to Open Fire on Constantinople.

Washington.—With the Berlin-Constantinople Railroad cut by the allied occupation of Nish, Germany is relying upon its Black Sea fleet to hold Turkey in line. Information has been received at the State Department that the Turkish Government has been told by Berlin that the fleet will open fire on the Ottoman capital at the first sign of defection. This German fleet consists largely of warships captured from the Russians, but is believed here to be strong enough to control, for the present at least, the Turkish Government.

"The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice, disturb the peace of the world; or if it can not be presently destroyed, at least its reduction to virtual impotency."

"The power which has hitherto controlled the German nation is of the sort here described. It is within the choice of the German nation to alter it. The President's words just quoted naturally constitute a condition precedent to peace, if peace is to come by the action of the German people themselves."

"The President feels bound to say that the whole process of peace will, in his judgment, depend upon the definiteness and the satisfactory character of the guarantees which can be given in this fundamental matter. It is indispensable that the Governments associated against Germany can not be expected to agree to a cessation of arms while acts of inhumanity, spoliation and desolation are being continued, which they justly look upon with horror and with burning hearts."

"It is necessary also in order that there may be no possibility of misunderstanding that the President should very solemnly call the attention of the Government of Germany to the language and plain intent of one of the terms of peace which the German Government has now accepted. It is contained in the address of the President delivered at Mt. Vernon on the Fourth of July last."

"It is as follows:

"The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice, disturb the peace of the world;

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"The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice, disturb the peace of the world;

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DR. FRED A. MILLARD

—DENTIST—

Office in Dr. Burgess Building

Opposite Court House

Office Hours—8:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.

Office and Residence Phone No. 115

DR. H. H. SPARKS

Dentist

Louisa Kentucky

Office in rooms formerly occupied by

Dr. Walters.

Office Hours 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Special Hours by Appointment

DR. J. D. WILLIAMS

Special attention to diseases of the

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

2504 Broadway, Catlettsburg, Ky.

REAL ESTATE**J. P. GARTIN, Louisa, Ky.**
General Dealer.

I buy and sell Real Estate of all kinds. Also, will handle property on commission. If you want to buy or sell town or country property, call or see.

GLENWOOD STOCK FARM
V. B. Shortridge Prop.
GLENWOOD KY.

—Wa Have For Sale—
THREE PURE-BLOOD SHORTHORN CALVES, MALES FOR SALE. THE SAME THIS TIME ON EXHIBITION AT LOUISA. TO ANYBODY WISHING TO BUY WE WILL MAKE THE PRICE RIGHT. COME AND SEE THE STOCK. REGISTRATION PAPERS FURNISHED.

Cheapeake & Ohio Ry.
Schedule subject to change without notice.

Shortest and Quickest Route.
To
Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York
Richmond, Old Point, Norfolk, Virginia and North Carolina through Pullman Sleepers Dining Cars
Connections at Cincinnati and Louisville

For all points West, Northwest, Southwest and the Pacific Coast

N. & W. Norfolk & WesternEffective January 6, 1918.
Lv. Fort Gay (Central Time).

No. 3—1:35 a. m. Daily—For Kenova, Ironton, Portsmouth, Cincinnati, Columbus, Sleepers to Cincinnati and Columbus Charlestown.

No. 15—1:05 p. m. Daily—For Columbus, Cincinnati and Intermediate stations. Sleeper, Cafe car to Columbus, Columbus.

Lv. 2:23 a. m., Daily—For Williamson, Welch, Bluefield, Roanoke, Norfolk, Richmond, Sleepers to Norfolk, Cafe car.

8:16 p. m. Daily—For Williamson, Welch, Bluefield, Roanoke, Norfolk, Richmond, Sleepers to Norfolk, Cafe car.

Train leaves Kenova 7:15 a. m. Daily for Williamson, via Wayne, and leaves Kenova 8:40 a. m. daily for Columbus and local stations.

For full information apply to
W. B. BEVILL, Pass. Trott. Mgr.
W. C. SAUNDERS, Genl. Pass. Agt.
ROANOKE, VA.**FOR SALE: TIMBER FOR LESS THAN HALF PRICE.**

Thirteen thousand five hundred acres in one tract, railway alongside of tract, virgin long leaf yellow pine never been turpentine'd or a stick cut out. You can get land and timber for \$10 per acre, half cash, balance three years with interest. This land will bring you \$15 to \$20 per acre after timber is cut off. 43,000 acres well timbered on railway, easy to log, fine land. You can get land and timber for \$10 per acre, part cash, balance to be agreed on with interest. I have smaller tracts if interested write me. I can trade some good land for clear income property. Let me know what you want and what you have for trade. All the timber will run over 8000 feet per acre. COME TO ORLANDO, FLORIDA, 147 miles south of Jacksonville, Florida. Best town in the state. Then take the auto bus west on paved road for my place, just five miles. I can help you.

Your truly,
FRED L. LYNCH,
Orlando, Florida

ma that he is improving from effects of influenza.

Albert Hoggs will move to Maze, soon.

Parish Sparks is building a new chimney.

Ed and Dick Skaggs are sowing wheat.

Sam Lemasters found a pocketbook containing \$16.00 or more, but fortunately located its owner.

May Pyffe is sick with severe cold. Manife Sparks bought John P. Skaggs' farm who in turn bought farm in Ohio. We are sorry to lose so good neighbors.

Bill Boggs' family has improved.

NEED OF NURSES

Editor Big Sandy News.

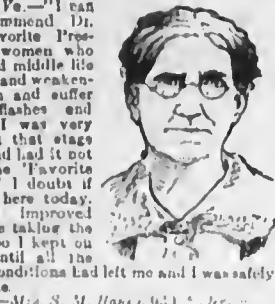
Dear Sir:—The crying need of the hour is nurses, nurses. Every returned soldier has a noble wife who comes from actual experience. Getting is believing, and because I have seen sold's life for need of a nurse at a critical time is my reason for making this appeal now to every mother and father who can spare a daughter to go and help save some

brother, or perhaps their own brother, anyway all Allies now are in fact brothers and sisters for a good cause to overthrow and forever defeat the much conspirators and devil incarnate of all ages. In fact he, the Kaiser, has turned out the devil and taken his place for duration of war and until his death which would perhaps end this butchery. I could write pages and pages of varied experiences but more specifically on the good work the women are doing in England. There are no healthy women idle in Europe, and perhaps there are none in this territory. But in some territories that I have covered fathers and mothers have held back their daughters, which is wrong at this time, because it's just like locking your front door for protection and opening your back door.

I could discuss air raids in London, scenes in hospitals, etc., etc., but I always revert to my hobby—nurses. Some say too much red tape, but it's simply this. Apply to nearest Red Cross station, take your examination, if in good health and under 35, you are accepted. Then you take six month course and after the war is over you can always realize \$25.00 a week, so eventually you realize something and to be a nurse during wartime is a great honor, nothing greater than saving life. So here is a golden opportunity extended by your Uncle Sam to do something for your country and for yourself. If all those that are eligible have gone, this letter is an apology.

Yours truly,

W. A. CHATTEURTON,
Ex British Grenadier Guard

**TUSCOLA.**

There are several cases of the flu at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brainerd and Miss Mary Thompson of Portsmouth, Ohio, are visiting friends and relatives here.

Moses Beniah Collinsworth and Maud Queen were shopping here Saturday.

Miss Fay C. Smith called on Miss Garnet O. Jordan Saturday.

Mr. Raymond Q. Womack, who has employment at Portsmouth, Ohio, is here visiting homefolks.

Charlie P. Woods has returned from Adelaid.

Mr. Luther Prince and Ted Chadwick were here Sunday.

Miss Ruby Smith, of Webbville, visited her cousin, Miss Lizzie E. Stoltz, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lester and children visited the latter's parents at Glen Springs this week.

Bobbie Dixon and Sturg Maurice passed up our creek recently.

Let us hear from Wheelwright, Webbville and Oslo again.

GIRLS! IT'S YOUR STEP THAT ATTRACTS

Says women pay too much heed to their face instead of their corne.

Watch your step: A brisk lively step is what charms more than a lovely skin, but your high heels have caused corne and you fling a little. That's bad, girls, and you know it. Corne destroys beauty and grace, besides corne are very easy to remove.

Rid your feet of every corn by asking at any drug store for a quarter of an ounce of freezezone. This will cost little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

A few drops applied directly upon a tender, touchy corn relieves the soreness and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out without pain.

This freezezone is a gummy substance which dries instantly and simply shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding skin.

Women must keep in mind that corns feet create a youthful step which enhances her attractiveness.

SKAGGS, KY.

The flu is raging here with the following families. Ed Skaggs, one case; Harry Kazee, three; Dr. E. Skaggs, three; Henry Vanover, two; Menifee Sparks, 1; George Gillen, Jack Vanover, two; Will Roes, two.

Lewis Skaggs received a telegram stating that Rufus Skaggs, formerly of this place, but now of Garrison, was at the point of death. Also John P. Skaggs, our teacher, a telegram stating his brother, Ferrett Skaggs, of Chillicothe, Ohio, was dead with the flu.

Hunter Skaggs' baby is very low with pneumonia.

Leander Skaggs received a message that his son, Oscar, who had been dying of dentistry in Louisville, had influenza and was bleeding from ruptures of blood vessels.

Fred Hollbrook is on the sick list.

Dr. E. Skaggs is filling up the old Sun-Terry store house with general merchandise.

Lon Evans is buying and hauling logs for Dr. E. Skaggs.

Emory Hollbrook worked hard in the interest of the Fourth Liberty Loan, also Dr. Rice and others.

Dr. Proctor Sparks is so busy he can't fill his calls.

J. C. Skaggs made his usual trip to Louisa in spite of the flu.

Andy Bailey visited the dentist and says "If I pinch you on the leg you must stop yanking on that tooth."

Mrs. Sam Bush, of Willard, is here having her teeth put in order.

Stanford Skaggs writes from Alabama.

ma that he is improving from effects of influenza.

Albert Hoggs will move to Maze, soon.

Parish Sparks is building a new chimney.

Ed and Dick Skaggs are sowing wheat.

Sam Lemasters found a pocketbook containing \$16.00 or more, but fortunately located its owner.

May Pyffe is sick with severe cold. Manife Sparks bought John P. Skaggs' farm who in turn bought farm in Ohio. We are sorry to lose so good neighbors.

Bill Boggs' family has improved.

HOME CIRCLE

Home should be so truly home that the weary, tempted heart could turn to it anywhere on the dusty highway of life and receive light and strength.

What a blessing it is when weary with care and burdened with care and sorrow, to have home to which we can go, and there in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles and dwell in peace and quietness. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes and solicitudes form the chief interest in human life.

—O—

Home is the greatest school of life. Few can receive the honors of a college education, but all are graduates of home. The learning of the university may fade, its knowledge, may moulder in the halls of memory but the simple lesson of home impressed upon the hearts of childhood, defies the rust of years and outlives the vivid picture of life. "Mild pleasures and palaces may we roam. Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

—O—

There is sweet music in every home where the heart strings are touched by gentleness and courtesy. The mild word, the gentle answer, the tender note, the patient considerations, will touch chords of kindness and make sweet melody in the family as everywhere. A desolate, dreary place is a home devoid of these little courtesies which are practiced in the best social life.

—O—

A great helper to gladness is a happy home. Many of us would never be able, day after day, to face life with its struggles, its duties, its antagonisms, were it not for the renewals of strength, which we get in our home.

—O—

A true home is a little fragment of heaven let down to earth to inspire us with patience and strength for the why.

—O—

The real pleasures of life are not to be bought. Amusement is for sale; but joy comes without price and without bargaining. There are no figures set upon happiness; it springs up in the "way life" a flower the seed of which has been wafted from some other world. The quiet deep joys of life, balsam-like, fall from heaven upon our hearts. None can control them. You may purchase assistance and interest, but affection and love come unsought, unsoiled, unbought.

—O—

We do not care how poor a young man may be if he has good health sound principles, is respectful of sacred things, is temperate in his habits, and is not afraid to work and work hard, and face the world with a determination to succeed. That young man is to be trusted with the best and sweetest girl ever reared in a home. Marriage, and all that a good loving wife means, is the developing power of such a man.

—O—

Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes; it is the real law of life: the link that connects earth with heaven. Would you live in the remembrance of others after you are gone? Write your name on the tablets of their hearts by acts of kindness and love. The noblest revenge we can make upon our enemies is to do them a kindness.

—O—

If you wish your children to be respectful to you, then you should be respectful to them. The boys and girls who are spoken to in a harsh tone of voice naturally fall into the habit of responding in the same way.

—O—

Praise the work of your children, no matter how trivial the act. It will give them an honest desire to do better the next time.

—O—

Do not think too much of your dignity. Do anything to make the boys think they are having a good time. In short, live with your boys. A little fun and good nature will go far towards turning work into play. When you get a boy so that he will love his home and his parents and you will have a strong arm to rest on as you go down the slope.

—O—

It is the person rather than the occupation that adds dignity to labor. There are those who can beautify the most menial occupation or service and there are others who can degrade the most honorable calling.

—O—

COURSES—

Easy Washing!

YES, actually easy when GRANDMA helps do it. No more back breaking over a rubbing board—not with GRANDMA on the job. GRANDMA gets right down to the bottom of things in a hurry. Dirt just can't hide away when she gets after it. GRANDMA stops the waste of cutting or chipping of bar soap. You measure out just what you need and no more.

**Wash the Woolen Socks
You Knit with Grandma****GRANDMA'S Powdered Soap**
Your Grocer Has It!**CALOMEL DYNAMITE A SLUG GISH LIVER**

Calomel salivates. Its mercury acts like dynamite on a sluggish liver. When calomel comes in contact with sour bile it crashes into it, causing cramping and nausea.

If you feel bilious, headache, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic for a few cents, which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel and without making you sick, just go back and get your money.

If you take calomel today you'll be sick and nauseated tomorrow; besides, it may salivate you while if you take Dodson's Liver Tonic you will wake up feeling great, full of ambition and ready for work or play. It is harmless, pleasant and safe to give to children; they like it.

MY EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Another year has passed away, Eighty have passed since I began; One more is added unto me. Which makes me eighty-one.



Resembles Old Fashioned Grippe

The symptoms of Spanish Influenza are very similar to old fashioned grippe—pains throughout the body, extreme dizziness, sleepiness, chills, high fever, headache, disturbed digestion with running at the nose and eyes and excessive splitting, showing on inflammation and congestion of the mucous linings.

For Catarrh of Every Description Take PE-RU-NA

The well known and direct action of Peruna in restoring and maintaining a healthy condition of the mucous membranes throughout the body make it the greatest disease preventing and health restoring remedy known to science.

For forty-five years Peruna has retained its title as a reliable safe-guard to the health of the American family.

EXPERIENCE OF USERS THE BEST RECOMMENDATION

ANNA, OHIO. "I find Peruna excellent for Catarrh of the head. I keep Peruna and Manalin in the house all the time." —Mrs. A. Rankie, Box 86.

Try Peruna First—Tablets or Liquid—Sold Everywhere

DONITHON.

Mrs. Eldon Fields, who has been sick quite a while continues very sick.

Mrs. Dave Wellman was calling on her son at Louisa one day last week.

Mrs. Alice Kessel and Miss May See have returned home after an extended visit with relatives here.

Mrs. James Conn, who has been very sick is much improved.

Owing to the epidemic which has been raging in our nearby communities, churches at this place are all closed for a while.

Mr. A. W. Goode, of Cedar, was the week-end guest of relatives here.

Mrs. Joel Elkins went to Burderland last week to attend the funeral of her daughter, Mrs. Florence Thompson.

Mrs. C. H. Merideth, of Kenova is the guest of home folks.

Mrs. Mary Moore went to Myrtle recently to visit her sister.

Mr. John Moore and Master Robert were visitors near Webb Saturday night and Sunday.

Gwyn Chapman and Arthur Wallace are planning to find employment in one of the up-the-river towns soon.

Mrs. Clara L. Endleott is visiting home folks.

Master Robert Moore was very sick for a few days last week.

C. H. Merideth was visiting here last week.

Mr. Dave Wellman and E. W. Lambert went to Summit Tuesday to help erect a fine bell for the Emily Northup church at that place.

Mrs. Mary A. Conn is on the sick list.

Our community was shocked to the death of Anthony Merideth, of Kenova. He formerly lived at this place and had many friends here.

Smiley.

CADMUS.

The sick of our neighborhood are improving.

Miss Sophia Belcher was the guest of Miss Marie Riley Sunday.

Miss Louise Shortridge, who has been visiting her grandparents at Glenwood, has returned home.

Mr. C. Jordan is on the sick list.

The stork visited Mrs. Ruby Pendleton and left a fine boy.

Lee Riley makes his regular trips to Morgan Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Riley and baby have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riley. They have returned to their home in West Virginia.

Miss Opal Riley was the guest of her grandmother at Dennis Saturday and Sunday.

The influenza situation in Louisa is greatly improved. Few new cases.

BLAINE.

Sunday school has been postponed at the place on account of influenza.

J. L. Evans, of Louisa, spent Saturday night and Sunday with home folks.

Miss Rose Wheeler, who has been very low with influenza and pneumonia, is improving.

The farmers of our community are very busy making sorghum at this time.

Everybody is well pleased with the recent rains.

G. V. Burton and son made a business trip to Webbville Saturday.

Mrs. H. J. Pack was visiting Mrs. J. L. Evans Sunday.

Mr. J. R. Corde passed through our town with a nice bunch of cattle the other day.

E. C. Berry's family, who have been sick with influenza, are all improving.

Miss Ethel Swetnam was visiting Miss Gladys Wellman Sunday.

Cova Williams spent Sunday afternoon at G. W. Pack's.

Willie Swetnam, who has been staying for Dr. J. J. Gambill in his car for the last few days, has returned home.

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City of Louisa.

Mayor—Augustus Snyder—D. Police Judge—H. B. Hewlett—D. City Clerk—R. L. Vinson—D. Treasurer—J. B. Khatler—D. Assessor—James Norton—R. Marshall—C. C. Skaggs—D. Councilmen—Dr. T. D. Burgess (R) W. F. Queen (D), H. E. Evans (R) John M. Moore (D), O. C. Atklos (R) G. R. Lewis (D).

CATLETSBURG

LITTLE BOY DROWNED.

Thursday evening of last week a dreadful accident happened. Master Cline Walker, aged 10 years, rode his horse to water at pond. The horse stumbled and headed into the water with the little boy and the barking of a little dog belonging to the boy attracted the grandfather who observed the horse coming toward him, riderless and shaking the water off his sides, went in search of the little fellow and found his hat on the bank of the pond, a search soon located the body.

VISITED RELATIVES.

Graham Johns, of Winchester, stopped off and called upon relatives on his way home from Prestonsburg, where he has been for a few weeks looking after business.

WHITE CREEK WOMAN.

Mrs. Rogers, of White Creek, died of influenza a few days ago.

Moved to Ashland.

Mrs. Will Ferguson has removed to Ashland, having rented her home on Broadway here. She is still at her post at the electric office on Division street, but makes the trip back and forth on the street car. Mrs. Ferguson is a most estimable lady and has always been much liked here by all.

J. B. BENNETT NAMED COUNTY ATTORNEY.

J. B. Bennett, who is well known here, has been appointed county attorney of Greenup county. He will succeed A. V. Pollock, who has responded to the colors. The appointment was made by Judge W. D. Quillen.

FUNERALS OF THOSE WHO DIED SUNDAY NIGHT.

The remains of Mrs. James Bailey, who died at Dinkle Switch, were shipped to her former home at Paintsville. She leaves a husband and two small children.

NOW GIRL.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thornbury of Pikeville, are the proud parents of a baby daughter. Mrs. Thornbury was formerly Miss Pie Justice of this city.

MR. HERBERT L. DELONG,

Inez, Kentucky.

Dear Chasin:

It may be inefficiency of mail service, or maybe it's because I don't write as often as I would like to from the home folks or maybe it's because you are too lazy to write to me, but anyway I haven't had a letter from home for two or three months.

I'll have to admit that I do not write as often as I should, for better chasing Fritz towards Berlin shooting up the Crown Prince's testicles from hour to hour for two or three months.

Just now I am using for a writing desk a board stuck through the spokes of a gun wheel, one of the guns that have caused more than one (something or other) to wear mourning for regiments (out of the plural) that didn't come back.

Well, I suppose you think we boys are having an awful time over here, getting alive, for one am very much alive, get plenty to eat and weigh about 25 pounds more than when I was at home. Of course, sometimes we're in a meal or two, once, not long as we were on a forced march toward Berlin or through a week day and night without anything to eat, no sleep and a little water to drink, and I am alive yet, although there is a scab on my stomach where it rubbed against my back bone. Why man, I'm coming back to put flowers on the grave of some of my sincerest friends!

Say, we have just finished a new dugout, and before we moved in we boiled our blankets and everything else, and also took a good bath. Now we are free from cooties and are setting out the world in general. Only nine of us together in the section. We usually sleep out in the open or under a tree when we are back of the line. I slept in the same wheat field with the Thuns for a week or so, twice. Several are there yet, but their bones are picked by this time I guess.

How is everyone getting along now around that neck of the woods. I read in the Daily Paris Mail printed in Paris, of a little shooting scrap east of Whitesburg. It's under the heading of "A Kentucky Mountain Feud." Thomas Moore killed Cheve Wells dangerously wounded, and—but I'll enclose the clipping. Who is Norton? I think I know the other two fellows or at least men of the same name.

I read some time ago that J. W. L. was in the ring for Congress again. How is he coming? I hope he has the same success he has always had.

Willie Travis was the guest of Thelma Spencer Saturday. Strother Stidham was on our branch Saturday.

Henry Carter was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Adkins.

Mrs. Martha Adkins and daughter took a trip to Beaver, Ohio, recently.

Influenza is raging in our community and some one at every home is down with it.

X. Y. Z.

SHANNON BRANCH.

Roscoe Parker died in Louisville and his body was brought here for burial.

S. B. Mullins and John Stidham went to Pikeville.

Willie Travis was the guest of Thelma Spencer Saturday.

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Influenza is raging in our community and some one at every home is down with it.

PEASANT RIDGE.

School will open Monday the 28th.

Hope to have a good attendance.

Mrs. Eliza Burchett, of Deephole was visiting Mrs. Wm. Shannon last Sunday.

Mrs. Sink Jordan was visiting relatives at Louisa Monday.

Miss Pearl Shannon was shopping at Busseyville Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts were calling on friends at Dry Ridge last Sunday.

Miss Grace Damron, who is teaching at McDowell, is at home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burchett were the pleasant guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Carlson Sunday.

John Bell Damron was calling at Cadmus Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Roberts were visiting Miss Georgia Hutchison recently.

Mr. Drew Adams, of Louisa, passed here enroute to Daniels Creek to visit his home folks.

Mrs. Arminta Bryan spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Foster Fannin.

Ruby Clay is contemplating a visit to Louisa soon.

Miss Alga Moore has been called to Kenova to the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Lenday Spurrier, who is very ill with influenza.

Mrs. Arminta Bryan spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Foster Fannin.

Ruby Clay is contemplating a visit to Louisa soon.

A Lonesome Child.

PIATSVILLE

PIATSVILLE

ON FURLough.

Dr. Evans passed through here going to his home at Flat Gap. Mr. Evans has been at the Great Lakes Training Camp for several months and this is his first visit home since enlisting.

ACCEPTS POSITION.

Miss Exer Robinson came home from Bowling Green, where she has been attending business college for the past few months. She has accepted a position with the Paintsville Grocery Company.

KILLED IN ACTION.

John B. Davis, of Buffalo, this country, was killed in action in France. He was with Pershing's men in the Meuse River drive.

DEATH FROM INFLUENZA.

Mrs. Bauford Cristip died here from influenza. Her husband died last Thursday and was buried on Friday in Woods Fork. The remains of Mrs. Cristip were buried Monday beside her husband. Other members of the family are sick with the same disease.

TWO DEATHS FROM FLU.

Robert Cox, formerly of Flat Gap, who recently sold his farm and moved to Ohio, died and his remains were brought to this place and were sent to his old home at Flat Gap for burial.

Sam Paley, a native of this county who has been working at Russell died last Sunday evening and his remains were shipped here Monday for burial.

FORMERLY LIVED HERE.

Mrs. H. B. Sengraves died at her home in Ashland. She had been sick for quite a while. She was before marriage Josephine Griffith, of this city. Two sons and two daughters, besides her husband, survive.

MARTIN COUNTY BOY IS NOW IN SUNNY FRANCE.

Mr. Herbert L. DeLong, Iinez, Kentucky.

Dear Chasin:

It may be inefficiency of mail service, or maybe it's because I don't write as often as I would like to from the home folks or maybe it's because you are too lazy to write to me, but anyway I haven't had a letter from home for two or three months.

I'll have to admit that I do not write as often as I should, for better chasing Fritz towards Berlin shooting up the Crown Prince's testicles from hour to hour for two or three months.

Just now I am using for a writing desk a board stuck through the spokes of a gun wheel, one of the guns that have caused more than one (something or other) to wear mourning for regiments (out of the plural) that didn't come back.